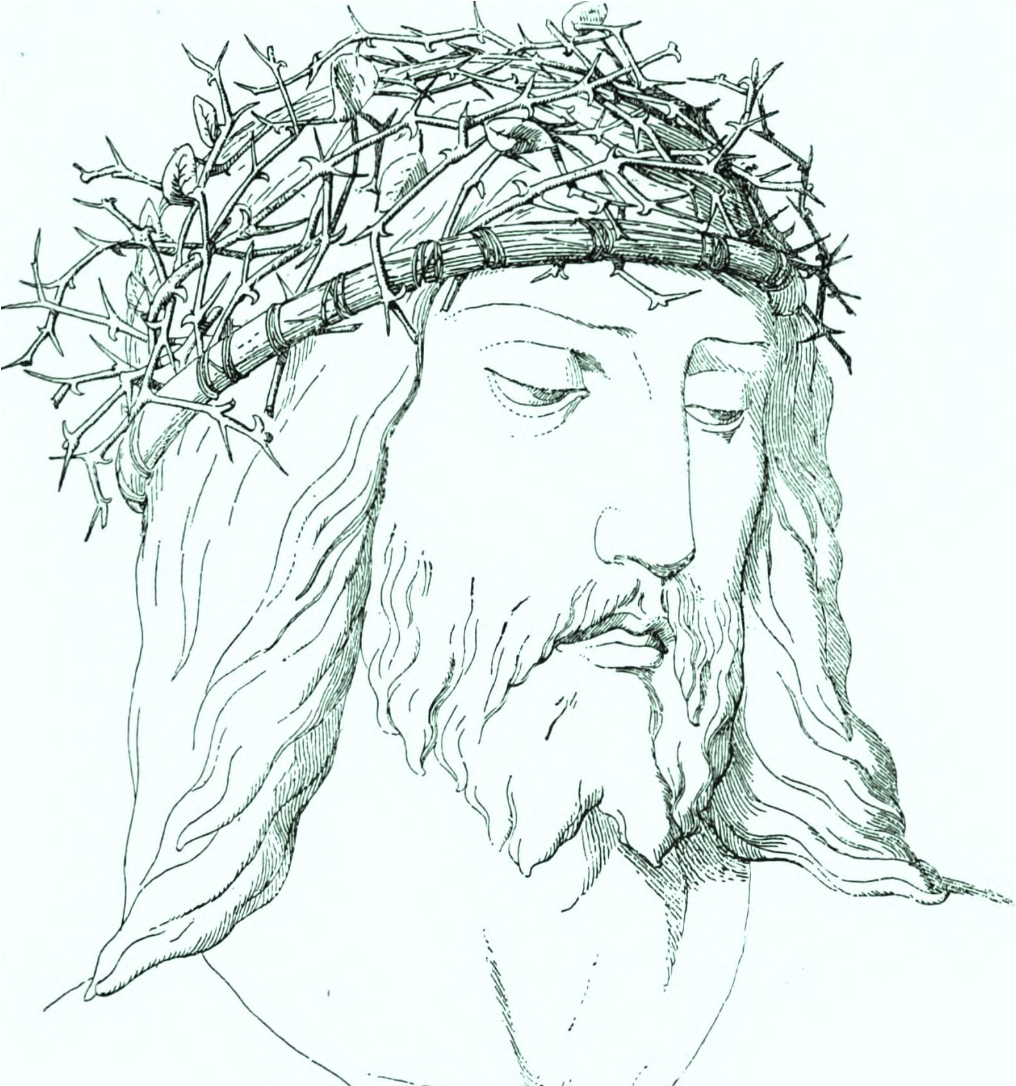

The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

The Interests of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs,
Auriesville, to the Cause of the Martyrs
who died there, to the American and
other Missions, past and present.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR. VOL. XVIII.

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READING ROOM

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. JANUARY, 1902. No. 1.

OUR LADY'S PITY.

BY J. B. JAGGAR, S.J.

HAD we our promises belied
And from the feet of Jesus strayed
'Twas then for us Our Mother prayed
And lead us to the Crucified.

She soothed us in the weary noon,
And through the sunless evening hour,
When wraiths from woods of sorrow lower,
And in the night that knows no moon.

Her Mother-heart on Calvary born,
Though we proved faithless or untrue,
Still poured its pity as the dew
That woos the rosebuds in the morn.

And this we know, when life is o'er,
Her Child Divine will not pass by
Her love for us or let it lie
Like wasted sea-weed on the shore.

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THE EARLY MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

(*Continued.*)

THE INDIANS OF NORTHERN NEW YORK.

THE Chevalier de Montmagny succeeded Champlain at Quebec. The Jesuits opened a college there. A hospital was established and the school of Mother Mary of the Incarnation for Indian girls was growing in importance. Sillery was developing and the Indians who settled around cultivated the fields. Champflour was in charge at Three Rivers and had won the respect of the natives. At Montreal Chomedey de Maisonneuve had thrown a fortification around the colony, and his forty settlers were by turns soldiers, ploughmen and mechanics. The Jesuits looked after the Church affairs of all these places. The French were very few in number—three hundred or thereabouts—although fifteen years had elapsed since the organization of the Compagnie de Richelieu.

In establishing it the great Cardinal had put in its first plan the conquest, the evangelization and the settlement of New France. Commercial profit was a result aimed at as well as a means for furthering this colonial enterprise. That was his scheme, but his associates lost sight of it little by little either because of inability to appreciate its scope or unconcern about furthering it, or for other reasons which we need not consider, and made it all a matter of pelf and let colonization take care of itself.

More concerned about making money than about their obligations to their country, they divided up the land into vast *Seigneuries*; they imported free from the mother country everything they could, for private use, on the plea that it was merchandise for the good of the colony, and through the monopoly which the Royal Charter gave them also got their goods into the ports of France free of duty. Besides, there was not any immigration, and the land was left unoccupied. The Governor had not even troops enough to compel respect

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from the Indians for the flag of France and with great difficulty succeeded in protecting the country under cultivation around Quebec, Sillery and Three Rivers.

Two great parties at that time divided the country. On one side the savage Iroquois, on the other the French with their allies the Hurons and Algonquins.

We have said something about the allies and about the Iroquois. Our account, of course, did not tell the whole story, for these tribes indubitably took the largest share in the events which occurred in North America in the seventeenth century.

The Iroquois were ambitious, aggressive, very ferocious and remarkable for their tenacity in what they undertook. They were shorter and more stocky than the Hurons but were more cunning and better fighters. The fire-arms of the Europeans did not daunt them. The whistling of the musket ball and the roar of cannon seemed to be something they had been accustomed to all their life. They paid no more attention to it all than if it had been a storm. Being crafty politicians as well as intrepid warriors they soon detected the rivalry between French and English and made common cause with the English whom they did not like, against the French whom they did, simply because the French were allied with the Hurons and Algonquins; but they were astute enough not to wish the triumph of either of the foreign invaders, for that result would be disastrous for themselves.

They lived to the south of Lake Ontario, in what is now the State of New York from the Genesee to the Richelieu. Divided into what might be called five cantons, independent of each other and competent to make peace or war as it suited them, they were, however, of one mind, at least, in the beginning of the seventeenth century when there was question of the common good. They sacrificed everything for the honor and salvation of their nation.

The section called Aniers which was on the banks of the Mohawk and along Lake Champlain, some distance from Fort Orange or Albany which the Dutch had seized, comprised three villages. Ossernenon was the most important of all and was surrounded by a triple palisade. The others were Anda-

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garon or Canagero (which is the present Canajoharie) and Teonnontogen. Those of the first village were dreaded because of their daring character and the violence with which they vented their fury. They were even feared by their friends, and were the worst enemies of France, stubbornly refusing any attempt at peace.

A little further toward the west near Oneida Lake were the Oneionts who were the weakest in numbers as well as in martial prowess and who counted at most one village.

Still further to the west on a pleasant hill was the village ot Onnontagué, now Onondaga. It was the Iroquois Capital where the General Assemblies of the five cantons were usually held. The Onondagas were the strongest of the tribes although they had but three villages, viz. : Onondaga, Cassonda and Touenho, but they were populous and well-protected by strong palisades.

West of them again on a vast plain skirted by magnificent forests between Lakes Cayuga and Seneca were three villages admirably located, called Goioguen, Onnontare and Tiohero. Father Rafeix said it was the finest country he had seen in America. Game abounded there. The wild goose, otters and salmon brought the people considerable wealth for their kind of life.

The Iroquois were in reality a Huron colony. Like them they had a fixed abode and cultivated the land. They never shifted their villages and they had found the way to reap their harvests without exhausting the soil. They had the same customs, the same traditions and the same habits of life. The differences were scarcely perceptible.

The form of government at least in its general outlines was identical. However, among the Iroquois there was something of an approach to the methods of civilization. It was well defined, exact and vigorous. Each village claimed and was granted autonomy. But in each there was the same classification of families, the same manner of policing the settlement and the same order. Seeing one was seeing all the rest. Each village had three tribes or families known severally by the name of some animal. Each tribe had its chief, its old

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men, its Agoianders, or assistant chiefs and its warriors, and combined they formed the administrative body. The power was hereditary and was transmitted through the women. If the line of descent failed the woman most distinguished for birth chose the chief. "When the tree falls" says the Indian, "that is the way it is put up again." If the one chosen is too young he receives a guardian, who exercises authority for him. The ceremonies of election and installation are accompanied with dances, songs and banquets.

The authority of the chief extends to all the members of the tribe, but he advises, induces, entreats but never commands. The inferior obeys because he wishes and not because his superior commands. However, the chief's authority is very great as is the respect with which he is regarded. Nevertheless, to prevent him from claiming absolute power several assistants are assigned who share his rule. Each family of the tribe furnishes one who is often named by them as their representative.

They form the Supreme Council. An appeal from them goes to the elders whose number is not determined, each one having a right to enter that Council when a specified age will have conferred maturity of judgment. This Council is the Moderator between the Agoianders or Assistant Chiefs, and the main body of those who are able to bear arms.

Orators chosen by each tribe expose before these Councils the matter submitted to their deliberations; they make a special study of the annals and customs of the nation, as well as of politics and eloquence. If there are, properly speaking, no archives, their astounding memories helped by mnemonic signs supply the deficiency.

No member of the three Councils considers himself bound by the general decision. Individual liberty is never sacrificed to the general order. Commonly, however, they all obey.

The general interests of the nation are discussed in a Diet convened at nightfall and usually on the outskirts of a forest or in the house of a chief, or in some large hall constructed especially for that purpose. It is made up of all the members of the various councils. When the matter has been discussed

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they vote on it. The subjects are war, peace and embassies; the civil and criminal matters are disposed of by the Agoianders and Elders.

War was naturally the ordinary theme of these assemblies; and the basis of Iroquois politics. Once decided on, it was proclaimed. The warriors, painted black from head to foot, crept on to the enemy's country under cover of the night and hung on a conspicuous tree the red war club. This custom of long-standing was, however, abandoned, and in those days the custom was to steal in and massacre their foes when war was least expected.

The uplifted tomahawk proclaimed the war through all the villages. The chiefs of each village assembled the braves and invited them to follow. Refusal was permitted, but the warrior who accepted gave the chief a chip painted red and bearing a special mark. It was a sign of readiness to take part in the expedition, and although a private, yet an irrevocable engagement. To withdraw after that was to brand oneself as a traitor or a coward.

Forthwith there began a succession of superstitious ceremonies calculated to inflame the courage of the warriors and give the war a sacred character. They began by a fast of two or three days. The chief kept himself shut up in a sweat-house where he sweated and fasted and dreamed. On the third day the braves all smeared in red and black, their breasts and arms bare, gathered round the chief in the council hall for the great war feast. Dogs were killed and offered to Areskoui, the god of war, and then thrown into great cauldrons. They are the principal objects of sacrifice.

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JOHN GARNET'S HOLIDAY.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IT was a deadly midsummer. The great city lay panting under the baleful August sky, lifeless in its better sections, where rows of closed houses stood in grim, gloomy silence, languid in its business centres, where the pulse of trade beat sluggishly, stocks were torpid and even the electric nerves, stretching into other hemispheres, brought no awakening thrill.

Only through the poorer quarters surged the tide of life —fevered, wretched, reckless life—life that had nothing to lose but its own misery, nothing to win but a moment's surcease of pain. Life, gasping for air at window and housetop, crowding for breath into fetid court and alley, daring death in the wild riot of dance house and saloon.

The mortuary record of the previous day was fully a column in length as Mr. Harold Brycerly observed, with the vague alarm that middle-aged gentlemen, however sound in heart, liver and pocket, feel at sight of the wide swath cut by the great Reaper.

Mr. Brycerly was heavily insured and he felt uneasily that it would be an irony of the successful Fate that always attended his investments if he were cut off in his prime.

"I must really get out of town," he soliloquized, pushing aside his paper and glancing at the thermometer, which even here, in his airy private office, with its awnings, screens and electric fans, stood close to eighty. "This is dangerous weather, absolutely dangerous. I am a fool to be risking my health here now. There is no necessity for it in the world. I should have gone with Lilian and her mother a month ago, and I suppose I would have done so if they had been going anywhere but the mountains. I can't stand Cro' Nest, nothing to do and nothing to see.

"A ten-thousand-dollar log cabin on the mountain top is surely the wildest of woman whims. Six miles from a railroad or post-office, and up break-neck roads where one cannot even

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drive a decent horse. Well!"—Mr. Brycerly shrugged his shoulders with the philosophy of the well-trained American husband—"Everyone has a different idea of pleasure, I suppose, and Cro' Nest may be Mrs. Brycerly's. It certainly is not mine."

A florid, fine looking man was Mr. Brycerly, and one thoroughly convinced of his own importance, personal, social and financial.

The great house of Brycerly & Brycerly was known in every mercantile centre to the antipodes. Founded nearly a century ago, on a solid bed rock of integrity, by the two hard-headed, honest-hearted brothers Brycerly, it had been built up to its present magnitude by generations of equally hard-headed, honest-hearted successors.

If the tough fibre of the race had in any way deteriorated, its present representative was so panoplied by precedent and tradition that only two persons had discovered it.

One of these was the wife who ruled Harold Brycerly's home and made it a brilliant social centre; the other was the grave, silent cashier, who, for twenty years had managed his business and made it an equally brilliant financial success. Both wisely left Mr. Brycerly's self-importance undisturbed, so that he had reached middle life with the conviction that he was the central sun of a planetary system that would lapse into primeval chaos if his rays were withdrawn.

"I really never felt such heat," he thought irritably as he loosened his necktie and prepared to glance over his neatly assorted mail. "I will be off to the sea shore to-night. Garnet can attend to all these matters for me. Eh, God bless me! what is that?"

Mr. Brycerly wheeled round in his great desk chair at the sound of a heavy fall, a stifled cry, a sudden commotion in the usually noiseless office without.

"It's—it's Mr. Garnet, sir." A wide-eyed clerk burst into his employer's sanctum with scant ceremony. "He—he—has fallen off his stool in—in—some sort of a fit."

"Garnet fallen off his stool!" repeated Mr. Brycerly in blank amazement.

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If the stone statue in the square without had been suddenly seized with human weakness, the speaker's tone could scarcely have been more incredulous.

"John Garnet!"

"Ye, yes sir, he is lying on the floor, sir, looking—looking awful—Wirt has run for the nearest doctor. I thought we might lift Mr. Garnet in here—until he comes."

"Certainly, certainly." Mr. Brycerly started up, roused for the moment into real feeling. "Good God! my poor Garnet!" he cried, hurrying into the outer room where the clerks had gathered in an excited crowd about the cashier's desk.

"Stand back, you fools! back, and give him breath! Garnet, old fellow—Garnet!" Mr. Brycerly's ruddy face paled as he bent over the prostrate figure. "Garnet, old man!"

There was no response, not even to the unwonted comradeship of the tone.

For the first time in twenty years John Garnet failed to answer his employer's call. With ashen face and livid lips, the pen still thrust in the damp waves of his iron grey hair, the rough draft of a cash account clutched in his rigid hand, Mr. Brycerly's cashier lay at his feet. Some spring in the curious mechanism called life broken, some tense chord snapped, some brain cell clogged.

The human machine that had worked so steadily for twenty years, had run down at last.

They lifted him from the close corner in which he had seemed as much of a fixture as the letter-press at his side, or the great iron safe whose combination he alone knew and placed him on the luxurious lounge in Mr. Brycerly's private office.

The nearest doctor came, a grim, seedy, blunt-spoken old man, who had never learned the soft speech, that is the open sesame to success, and had been obliged to fight death on death's own lines.

"Worn out," he said tersely, as he and Mr. Brycerly stood watching the effect of restoratives on the death-like figure stretched upon the sofa. "Vitality at a very low ebb, heart action very feeble indeed. Completely run down."

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"You mean that he wont—wont pull through," said Mr. Brycerly anxiously.

"Can't say yet," answered the doctor"—"what sort of a man is he—active, studious, drinking, what?"

"Drinking, great heaven, no! He has been at that desk there for twenty years. I don't think he has missed six days."

"Humph," said the doctor drily, "rather a bad record. A twenty years pull without a break usually means a general smash up at the end."

"Garnet could have had the break if he pleased," said Mr. Brycerly. "He didn't ask it, didn't seem to want it, and he was always one of those quiet reserved fellows, that one does not care to meddle with, even at school. Brainy, though, took all the prizes, medals, and everything, you'd scarcely believe it now, but he was one of the most brilliant students that ever left old Saint Bride's. Then, just after he took his degree and was going in for the law or church, I don't know which, his father died bankrupt, and Jack, we called him Jack in those days, had to buckle down to hard work, for his mother and her three young children. Father offered him a place in our office, and here he has been ever since. Reliable! everything under him goes like clock-work. Honest and he demands absolute honesty in every one around him. Accurate to a fraction in the smallest account."

"All strain, strain, strain," said the doctor. "I can see the lines of it in his face. It is the curse of our age, sir. No rest, no let up, it's go, go, go, to the bitter end. A neck and neck race to the grave."

"You are mistaken in our business methods," said Mr. Brycerly stiffly, "Mr. Garnet was never driven in any way. He allowed nothing to hurry or discompose him. It was his one fault, perhaps I should say his misfortune, that he never had a particle of what you term go. He was always as steady as a rock and as——

"Strong" interposed the doctor. "One cannot always judge the quiet calm of the rocks, Mr. Brycerly. Sometimes they are only the crust of volcanic fire below."

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Tossing in the strange dream ocean, that lies between death and life, John Garnet seemed to hear the words as if spoken from far off heights.

They were talking of him, he thought with a vague surprise, that he should be of interest to any one, talking of him—he thought, with a dull wonder at the strange voice and tone. "Volcanic fire below." Volcanic—fire—below—The words lingered even after he had lost his frail hold on consciousness and had drifted away again by shores peopled with dim memories echoing with the music and voices of the long ago.

Now it was his mother's song, as she rocked his baby sister in the twilight, now the shouts of the ball-players in the college campus, now the Vesper chant swelling through its cloistered aisles.

"Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me."

The lines written by a feeble hand in his missal, when he turned his back on the hope and promise of his youth, seemed to rise clear above the roar of waters surging about his bewildered soul:

"Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me."

He was leading the chant in the old college chapel, where the sunset streaming through the great west windows showed John the Beloved leaning on his Master's breast.

"Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me."

Many times in the long grey stretch of years since he had turned his back on that radiant picture had the words given strength and peace to John Garnet, it was meet they should rise, triumphant over life's broken echoes now. "Even there Thy hand shall lead me, thy right hand shall hold me."

A strange peace seemed to steal over him; it was as if he had drifted over troubled waters into some tranquil eddy where he was waiting, waiting upheld by the Mighty Hand that had been his guide and strength—waiting for what—Death or Life?

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CHAPTER II.

Drifting thus between two eternities, John Garnet was dimly conscious of priestly blessing and anointing, of daily care and nightly watching, of the touch of kind hands, and the sound of soothing voices, until the fading shore of life began to grow brighter and clearer, and the guardian angels resolved themselves into two sisters of Bon Secours watching by his bed.

Brighter still grew the familiar scenes as if life were welcoming him back, with a new radiance friendly faces began to look in upon him—Mr. Brycerly, his fellow clerks, there were kindly gifts of fruit and flowers, anxious queries from the poor he had befriended—new warmth, new cheer everywhere.

Until at last, at the peremptory order of good old Doctor Brabazon, he found himself one breezy October morning established luxuriously in a parlor car and on his way to the mountains to gain vigor and strength on their rugged heights.

"Remember Cliffbourne is your station," said Wirt-Grayson, Mr. Brycerly's head clerk and favorite protegé, who had been commissioned by his employer to see the invalid off. "The carriage will meet you there, Mr. Garnet, and take you to Cro' Nest. Loveliest spot you ever saw; I was up there for a week's hunting last fall. It is about as near to heaven as I ever expect to get," added the young man gaily. "Don't worry about business. I am doing the best I can to take your place."

John Garnet was conscious of a vague uneasiness at the words. This handsome, bright-faced young fellow was not the substitute he would have chosen, but he was far too weak as yet to take up the burden and care of the past. So with a cordial good bye, he leaned back amid his cushions and gave himself up to the dreamy enjoyment of the convalescent, while the train swept on through a world that the first tender touch of autumn had mellowed into a softened beauty that seemed the perfect fullness of life.

Warmth and color and light were everywhere, the waysides were gay with golden-rod and wild asters, the red banners of the sumach waved upon the hills, the forests were aflame with crimson and gold, the orchards and vineyards jewelled with ripened fruit.

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Bob White piped cheerily in the sedges, the full-fed streamlet murmured soft music in the trestled gorge.

And John Garnet, whose past had known neither springtime bloom, nor summer beauty, felt something in the feeble current of his blood stir in harmony with this autumn gladness. Echoes of his far-off youth awoke as he sat wrapped in half-waking reveries, verses of the old poets forgotten for years, songs of the early days when man lay close to Nature's heart, while the train swept on higher and higher up rocky steeps, veiled in golden mists spicy with autumn odors, until the lower earth vanished into a dim cloud land, and this new world seemed like a great censer smoking before the throne of God.

"Cliffbourne," shouted the brakeman. "Cliffbourne your station, I think, sir," said the conductor, laying a hand upon the dreaming traveller's shoulder. And, starting to his feet, John Garnet made his way from the car to the little platform beside the road, where a tiny Swiss chalet was perched at a station.

Near by was a dainty pony carriage, gay with rugs and cushions and a sturdy little Shetland in the traces, and Miss Lilian Brycerly herself holding the reins.

He had known her slightly from childhood, for his intercourse with his employer's family had been of the most formal kind. Still the lovely young face shaded by a poppy wreathed hat was not strange to him.

But very strange and sweet was the new warmth of her greeting, the friendly anxiety of her tone.

"Oh! Mr. Garnet, I am so glad you have come. I was afraid you would not be strong enough for the long journey. I told mama I would drive down to meet the train myself, so as to be sure you would be taken care of. We cannot use heavy carriages on our mountain roads, and I felt this little phaeton of mine would be just the thing. Let me put these cushions at your back and draw the rug close, the air is keen. You see we have orders to take you in charge," she continued gaily, "for that you have no care for yourself, the past has shown. When I think of the long years you have spent at that dreadful desk, toiling that we might live like butterflies in

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the sunshine. But we will not talk or think of that trying time now. We are going to make you well and strong again. Our mountain air is the best of tonics. It gives new life to body and soul."

"Soul!" he echoed with a grave smile.

"Yes," she answered. "After a season of dancing and dressing and dining, one's soul is shrivelled as a parched flower. I come up here to grow and freshen again. Did not all the good men of old go up on the mountains to worship God? They always seemed to me His natural altars, filled with the Majesty of His presence, echoing with His voice."

"So the old pagan poets taught," said her companion quietly.

"Don't write me down with the pagan poets," she said, "though indeed I was very near to paganism two years ago. But I have learned since then that God chooses lowlier dwellings than the mountain tops, that He speaks in softer tones than the mountain thunder. I am a Catholic as I believe you are, Mr. Garnet."

He started "This is, indeed, a happy surprise—I thought—"

"That I was a little heathen," she gaily concluded the sentence for him.

"Ah, yes, so I was, but mama sent me to the Sacré Coeur to perfect my French and my year there, thank God, was a grace irresistible, it brought me to my knees before the tabernacle. But poor mama, she has not yet recovered from the blow, she counted on making me a woman after her own."

"And what may that be?" asked her companion, wondering the while what mother heart could find to desire in the bright winsome girl beside him.

"Oh, a sort of feminine free lance," she laughed. "Scouting on all debatable lands, yet owing fealty to none, unhampered by creed, color, caste or condition—you will find us very broadminded at Cro' Nest, Mr. Garnet. Truth is as vague and indefinable as the light that plays upon the clouds. We believe and disbelieve as it is given or taken from us by the passing shadows. An immobile truth mama holds to be mediæval tyranny. Our latest luminary is a Buddhist and we are deep in the study of the Vedas. In short, all things are true, but

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the one Truth immutable, and eternal submission to that, dear mama regards as slavery and bondage and to see her daughter thus fettered is a grief unspeakable. Still she hopes it is only a youthful vagary, that will pass if not strengthened by opposition; so my illusions are indulged. Even dear old Father Lambert, who dropped in to see me one day, while looking up his scattered sheep, was received very kindly and pronounced by several critical guests, 'a most picturesque character.'"

As she ran gaily on in this tone, John Garnet was conscious that beneath this light satire lay depths of feeling, rarely sounded at twenty-one for such he knew was Miss Brycerly's age.

But when the modern girl stimulated by all the potent forces of her time, finds the Faith, it is no fount to quench her thirst, but a flood of many waters, submerging, re-vivifying, re-creating her.

As they talked the little shetland sped boldly on, higher and ever higher until the scarlet and gold of the oaks and maples vanished, and John Garnet and his guide were among the pines. Everywhere they rose erect, solemn, changeless, stretching into great columned vistas, flooded with the sunset, carpeting the road with noiseless velvet, filling the air with their balsamic breath, until suddenly they seemed to dwarf and mass into a hedge of living green, through which a great rustic gate-way opened into a broad avenue, beyond which spread a low wide winged house, built of the unhewn cedar, surrounded on every side by broad verandas, gay with hammocks, and rugs and cushions.

A dozen or more guests were already in possession, and Mrs. Brycerly came forward to meet the new-comer with a warmth and kindness, never shown to her husband's book-keeper before. She was a handsome, stately woman close to fifty, but in voice and manner and glance—there was still something of the restlessness of youth without youth's hope and gladness.

If Cro' Nest was as Mr. Brycerly had declared, "a woman's whim" it was undoubtedly a graceful and charming one. Rustic simplicity was the keynote of an enchanting symphony of light and comfort and luxurious ease.

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Mr. Garnet was ushered into a wide hall or living room where a log fire, blazing on a great central hearth, lit the rough hewn walls, the high raftered ceiling, the quaint old Mission furniture brightened by rugs, and cushions and draperies, into modern warmth and cheer, and after resting a moment in this genial glow in a pleasant hubbub of greeting and introduction, he was led up stairs to the room made ready for him by Mr. Brycerly's telegram, a spacious chamber, warm and firelit, filled with the glory of the sunset, and the fragrance of the pines.

Good luck and cheer,
Attend ye here.

ran in quaint old English lettering over the stone chimney place.

But above on the carved mantel was a more sympathetic, greeting, a vase of late roses placed before an ivory crucifix, the rare work of some master hand.

"The Cross," thought John Garnet smiling as he realized this was the young convert's touch of sympathy. "The Cross, strange to find it waiting me, even here."

(*To be continued.*)

A DEVOTION NEVER EXTRAVAGANT.

TIMID souls sometimes shudder at the expressions which devotional writers make use of, especially in speaking of the Blessed Mother. Now and then the titles given to her seem almost heretical or idolatrous. But it must not be forgotten that books of devotion are outpourings of the heart; and that the heart does not express itself in dogmatic utterances or mathematical formulas. A man may speak of his adorable mother or his adorable wife and nobody is shocked. We understand his meaning and admire him all the more for it. So also we pray to John the Divine but no one is scandalized. In fact, at the present time the Episcopalians are honoring him with a splendid cathedral under that designation. *Divus Thomas* or the Divine Thomas is the usual

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way in which Aquinas has been described for centuries. And coming to the profane world we find even Divas in the Opera, who every season have the world at their feet. Our petty magistrates used to be called their *worships*—who judged their fellow-men, and even we poor sinners are described by the Apostle as "gods."

The explanation of our timidity in this matter is to be found in our contact with heresy. Heresy has lost the love of God ; and its heart is shrivelled as every heart is when it does not love. It exerts a withering influence on anyone or anything it comes near. Its name heresy means "picking," and picking implies meanness while the word Catholicity means broadness. If a Spaniard or an Italian or a Syrian expresses his love in a way that I do not like I am not going to worry about it. He may not fancy mine. Otherwise I might resemble the American sailor in Rio Janeiro who was indignant that the natives called hats *sombreros* and not hats. If we are in doubt about what a man means we bring him to book, and exact an explanation. If he is not in error then it would be folly to insist on his using the same words or puckering his lips in the same way as myself. Some are warm-hearted some are cold, some generous and extravagant and some close and calculating in their methods, and all must be dealt with differently. What is peculiar about this rigorousness with regard to devotion, is that we meet it at a time when all sorts of damnable error in doctrine are condoned by the world with the phrases "oh ! we all mean the same thing"; and "it is immaterial what a man believes" ; but when there is question of piety the same world stiffens itself up as a stern judge of the childlike and exuberant expressions of it in people whose orthodoxy when they are asked to explain their meaning is found to be absolutely beyond suspicion. The Church is a Mother and has all the kindness and indulgence of a mother for the different dispositions of her children while at the same time she is careful to instruct them properly and reprove them sharply if they go wrong. St. Ignatius advises us to try always to put the best interpretation on a man's words, and he was a wise and prudent saint.

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No Catholic with a grain of sense (and surely none others should be consulted) has any other idea of the Blessed Mother except that of one between whom and God an infinite impassable gulf intervenes. She is a mere creature chosen indeed by God for a marvellous participation in the work of Redemption but great precisely because of that and with everything that she does referable to Almighty God. She is God's chief servant; the *Ancilla Domini*, and the only conceivable purpose of her being is to "Magnify the Lord." When we honor the servant of the king we honor the king, and much more so when we honor his mother.

Let us by way of illustration take the Office of her Seven Dolors which the Church recites on two feast days of the liturgical year. The *Stabat Mater*, which is the hymn that runs through the Office, ends each stanza with a reference to the Divine Son. It is the "dum pendebat *Filius*," "Mater *Unigeniti*." "In amando *Christum Deum*," *i.e.* "While the *Son* was hanging there," "Mother of the *Only Begotten*." "In loving *Christ Our God*," etc. So in what is called the *Invitatorium* or Invitation to the Office, the refrain is: "While recalling the woes of the glorious Virgin, come let us adore the *Lord* who suffered for us." We are bidden to ask the Mother of Sorrows to pray for us, not that we may be made worthy of her promises but of *Christ's*. The psalms are all descriptive of the war which the *Son of God* is waging for us. In the first place is the glorious song: "Why have the nations raged and the people meditated vain things," in which the culminating verse is: "The Lord has said to me: Thou art my Son this day have I begotten Thee." We have the beautiful refrains at the end of the first lessons: ℟ With thy loving eyes O Virgin behold Him, but see in Him not so much the lividness of His wounds as the *salvation* He brings to the world. His pierced and bleeding hands are as it were filled with hyacinths for those gashes are the price of mans *salvation*. Thus with all the expressions of love, the Divinity of Christ is always in evidence.

In the Second Nocturn we have the tender conversation of St. Bernard with the Blessed Mother as in imagination he

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sees her standing beneath the cross, and many of his expressions might well make the un-Catholic mind uneasy and yet he is a Doctor of the Church.

The Third Nocturn concludes with the words of St. Augustine who reminds us that when Our Lord cared for His mother's future by giving her St. John, He was not so much acting as God providing for His servant, but as a man who was concerned for the happiness of his mother, and yet the lesson ends with the refrain: "O dear Mother fount of love make me feel the force of grief for the sufferings of my *Lord*, that as thy Son died for me I may rise to life with Him."

Knowing that He is the Omnipotent God and that she has been elevated to the incomprehensible dignity of His Mother, it is no wonder that language loses itself at times in what seems extravagance. It would be strange if it did not. But if we love Her, she will keep us out of danger of saying anything that is incorrect.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. VICTOR VAN TRICHT.

"MY God," wrote the celebrated author of these reflections, which are addressed to all who suffer; "My God, I write these pages in Your presence, in the hope of helping those souls that suffer."

You have called them : Come to Me, You said, come to Me, all you who suffer and bear the burdens of life, come and I shall give you courage.

Let me, oh my God, bring to You at least some one of the more unhappy.

A heavy yoke is upon the children of Adam, from the day of their coming out of their mother's womb, until the day of their burial into the mother of all. (1)

That yoke is suffering.

(1) Eccles. 40 : 1.

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The child who is born, weeps: it is his greeting to life.

The old man who is in his agony lets the cold, silent tears flow slowly from beneath his shrivelled eyelids : they are his farewell to life. And between these tears, how many others have fallen ! Who can calculate the bitternesses and the sufferings, accumulated in the heart of a man who has lived a long time !

No one escapes that yoke. Since the fall, it is the lot of every man coming into this world: it is the fatal and inalienable heritage from a father who has transgressed: it is our part of the chastisement in the expiation which has been taking place from the beginning of the world and which will continue to the end of time, even until the last of the children of man dies.

Philosophy, helpless, strikes its brow and seeks, but notwithstanding the reasonings it multiplies, it does not find the origin of that evil, of that suffering.

Faith, divinely enlightened, finds it written on the first page of the holy Bible "*Quia audisti vocem uxoris tuae et comedisti de ligno.*" "Because thou hast harkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree." (1) You will suffer, because you have transgressed.

But while philosophy reasons and faith reveals, man suffers.

Some, stricken by a visible and crying misfortune show, so to speak, in their very looks all the blood which their heart has shed. We are moved to pity at sight of them and we call them unfortunate.

Others pass before us with all the vain display of riches: their eyes are full of joy, their lips are wreathed in smiles. . . we do not lift that veil, we believe them happy, we envy their lot. How often, if we could observe them in their hours of solitude, should we see them weep bitter tears, and, with grief-stricken soul, press in their hands hearts wrung with anguish.

Others know not these great misfortunes of life : and evil more insensible, and less acute undermines and consumes them : the sensation of the emptiness of everything. Nausea seizes them on account of the finiteness of all creatures, *ennui*

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(1) Gen. 3: 17.

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devours them : *ennui*, says Bousset, that inexorable *ennui* that forms the basis of life.

One thing appeals to me in Holy Scripture. It has portrayed two men : one stricken with every misery, poor after having been rich, alone, abandoned by his wife and all his friends, he has looked upon the death of his sons and daughters : there he lies, stretched upon a dunghill, scraping with a potsherd the matter that flows from his sores.

This is Job.

The other enjoys every good fortune, he is rich, he is powerful, he is a king, he is learned, he is the wisest of men, he has glory, he enjoys all the pleasures of spirit and all the joys of sense; there he is on his throne, in all the pomp of a court.

This is Solomon.

I ask Job about life. He answers me, "*Taedet animam meam vitæ meæ.*" (1) My soul is weary of my life.

I ask Solomon and in the same terms, with the same words, he answers me, "*Taeduit me vitæ meæ.*" (2) I was weary of my life.

What conclusion, then, should we not draw from that comparison?

Is it that life is kind to no one? No, life is kind to none.

But if suffering is inevitable in this world, has it no consolation, no remedy? I ask myself.

It is not within itself that the human heart finds these consolations. "*Non est auxilium mihi in me*," says Job again. I have not found any help in myself. Without doubt man can divert his thoughts from his sorrow : he can fling himself into absorbing and arduous labors ; he can plunge headlong into intoxication and the mad whirl of pleasure : he can forget there his misery and in a more lively sensation, drown, so to say, the sensation of his sorrows. But one awakes from that state of torpor as one awakes from a dream : he finds himself still under the cruel sting of the reality : he had forgotten the sword which pierced his heart, but it is there now: it is always there; it cuts, it tears, it penetrates more and more every day.

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(1) Job, 10 : 1, (2) Eccl., 2 : 17.

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Besides to forget! Let us suppose that a man forgets.

To that forgotten sorrow, does there not succeed a new sorrow? Does not each day introduce its own? How long does our sky remain serene?

What would man find then in himself to console him in the midst of his sufferings?

What can he avail against death, when it snatches from him those whom he loves? What can he do against sickness? Against ruin? Against dishonor? Against the ennui of life? Against the uncertainty of things?

One thing we can demand of him—from himself against himself—and that is energy: not to let his arms drop, or his courage waver; that he take his soul between his hands, that he keep it there and that he be a man. "*Esto vir.*" This is all. And yet how often do we ask this of him in vain!

Will the aching heart find its consolation and its relief in other men?

I do not deny that a man can find consolation in other men: I have too frequently tasted the sweetness and the force of friendship not to recognize its goodness and its power. It is so consoling when you suffer to rest on the bosom of a friend, to feel your hand pressed by his.

Alas! this help from man is vain, because it comes from man, vain in itself.

When Rachel had beheld the death of her little children, her riends crowded around her and wept with her. . . . But Rachel would not be comforted, "because they were not."

The love which surrounded her could it not supply the place of the dead whom she loved? Why should she weep further? "*Quia non sunt.*"

Who, then, has not experienced that cruel helplessness of man in the presence of the grief of a friend? A misfortune strikes one, ruin falls on him and his family, the hope of his life is suddenly blasted. . . . He suffers, his soul is tortured; you run to his assistance, you feel in your heart a pity full of tenderness, you would sacrifice your share of happiness to make him happy, and, suddenly, arrived in his presence, your tongue is mute, your words fail you, your thoughts, vague

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and shapeless, cross one over the other, you can only press him in your arms, repeating to him : " My friend, my poor friend ! "

Ah ! I know it well, it is one of those commonplace phrases which is in everybody's mouth, one of the expressions of sympathy, always ready for use, but true friendship feels so keenly that all this is vain and of no avail. It dares not repeat them. Those who do not understand sorrow learn to speak, just as the comedian learns how to play his part. Of such speech, Job says : " *Verbosi amici*, *consolatores onerosi*, *audivi frequenter talia . . . nunc autem oppressit me dolor meus.*" (1)

O my friends full of talk, troublesome comforters, I have often heard such things as these . . . but now my sorrow hath oppressed me. Oh ! how rare is the friend who understands the sorrow of his friend ! . . . How often does he perceive what lies on the surface without suspecting that the evil lies still deeper ! And when God has given us, for the comfort of our life, one of those friendships which understands and which feels, how often, after a few years, after a few months, are we deprived of it ! . . . We lose our friends, we leave them just as one leaves for exile some well-beloved shore ; they die . . . and we remain alone, surviving the funeral of our own heart ! Oh ! no ! It is not in man that we should look for the consolation and the remedy !

There remains God !

(*To be continued.*)

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

So frequently have we had to record in these annals the damages done by floods at Auriesville, particularly in the Ravine, that we are happy to state for once that the overflowing creeks and rivers, which lately did so much harm west and east of the Shrine, have not injured our property in any way. Thanks to the labor of the past few years, and to the contributions of our friends enabling us to requite this labor, we may hope to be spared in future the trouble and expense of repairing in one part or other of the property there the serious damage which storms and overflows have hitherto so often inflicted.

(1) Job 16 : 2 and 8.

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The village has had more than its usual population this winter, as several canal boats were caught there by the ice in November, and a number of their crews have been forced to hibernate in that neighborhood. Occasionally some one comes in pilgrimage to visit the Shrine, and it is pleasant to learn that they are delighted with everything. Each year they find new evidences of the improvement and piety that can grow only with the years, and we hope this year that something still more impressive and permanent can be done there to witness to the veneration in which the Shrine is held.

* * *

It is somewhat early in the year to announce what is to be done at the Shrine itself. But no obstacle should prevent us from having, at last, the long promised ceremony of erecting the permanent statue of Our Lady of Martyrs and placing thereon the crown of thorns in gold. The crown is ready, the statue has been ordered and will be ready in good time—early the coming summer. If the means at our disposal when spring comes around justify the construction of a proper oratory or shrine for the new statue, we shall certainly attempt it; but there is still some debt to clear, in all about $3,000 in loan and mortgage. Much was done last year, for besides purchasing land and improving the hotel and grounds the debt was lessened by fully $1,000. We trust we shall be able to do, at least, this much the coming year, and as soon as our plans are matured we shall announce them to our readers.

* * *

Our friends must not forget the proposal made last summer to erect at Auriesville a statue in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The proposal was to spend about $400 on this statue, and this sum would be quite enough for a large metal statue and shrine; but a fine marble statue can be placed there properly enshrined for $800, and it would be far preferable to one in metal, so we shall try to procure it, if the money be forthcoming. Already $200 have been contributed for this purpose, and we are confident that the balance will soon be given for this very worthy object. It is always advisable to increase the property we hold there, but this is a matter that can very well wait on these and other much-needed improvements.

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What can be announced with certainty is what we have actually done, and that is an improvement in the PILGRIM OF OUR

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LADY OF MARTYRS. This magazine is entering its eighteenth year, and we are glad to observe that its readers not only appreciate it, but also strive to extend its circulation, as appears by an increase in our subscription lists the past few months. This year we are to add to the usual subjects treated in the PILGRIM, a monthly contribution to devotion to Our Lady and another on some devotion to Our Lord. Very properly we open the series in honor of Our Lady by an article on her Sorrows, taking the Office of the Seven Dolors as the source; and the series on devotion to Christ will be about the Royal Way of the Cross, with a view to showing how the Passion of Christ is a source of consolation in suffering. The name of the writer, the Rev. Victor Van Tricht, of the Society of Jesus, is sufficient warrant for the merit of this series.

You wish to know what you can do for the Shrine in 1902? Renew your subscription to the PILGRIM; subscribe for it for some friend. Each subscription is only fifty cents a year. How easy it would be for each subscriber to obtain several others. The Shrine would gain and no one would lose.

* * *

Finally, some slight changes which we have been making lately in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and its *Supplement*, which was formerly one with THE PILGRIM, will enable us to devote more time to the preparation of the process for the beatification of Father Isaac Jogues and his companions. We, therefore, request the aid of the prayers of our readers and of all who are interested in this, for not only is the labor long and arduous, but the result to be attained is something far beyond every human endeavor. Of late we have been encouraged by letters of thanksgiving for favors received through prayers offered at the Shrine, and attributed to the intercession of the holy persons whose memory is associated with it; letters have also been received asking prayers through their intercession and we recommend these petitions to our readers. Just as soon as we shall have done something for the cause of Father Jogues, we may confidently hope for more signal evidence of his favor with God and power of intercession for us.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

J. B., National Military Home, Ind. $1 20
J. O'R., Youngstown, O. 1 00
D. H., Troy, N. Y. $0 56
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y. ... 5 00
"In honor of St. Joseph." 25 00

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MISSION NOTES.

AFRICA.

Congo.—There is actually a great movement towards the Church, Father Hencxthoven, S.J., assures us. The natives from different places invite the missionaries to come and teach them. Hence, multiplication of mission-stations is hindered only by the lack of resources. The name "farm-chapels" indicates the method of the missionaries. They aim at forming settlements in which the convert colonists will be trained in agriculture and trades as well as in the Christian faith. There are at present 183 "farm-chapels" in the Congo mission of the Belgian Jesuits, with 4,294 children under instruction. Here the little blacks study their maps, arithmetical tables etc., something after the fashion of European schools. A series of pictures illustrating the history of the Old and New Testaments brighten the walls of the schools, and are found extremely useful for teaching.

Father Hencxthoven has opened a normal school for catechists. It already contains seventeen pupils, who are willing to live as the missionaries do, amongst the people, receiving only food and clothing, but no payment for their labor.

Lower Niger. Another black King.—Some months ago we announced the conversion of King Sami of Onitcha. His example has been followed by that of King Obi of Nsube. All the town or settlement of Nsube is following the royal example. His conversion is very sincere. During the Mass preceding his Baptism, he was unwilling, through his humility, to occupy the place specially prepared for him. He had put away his idols and amulets, and separated from his unlawful wives. His crown, also made of antelope's horns, he had laid aside. The Sister Superior of Onitcha was his god-mother. After Baptism, he went outside ; and in his enthusisam cried out in the words of St. Michael, "*Quis ut Deus*"—"*Who is like unto God?*" The leaders of the people of Nsube, which has a population of 9,000 souls, are taking steps for the instruction and Baptism of this multitude.

Algeria.—Some years ago, Cardinal Lavigerie said of his missionaries in Algeria that he thought none in the world were more devoted. Voluntary exiles, they toiled without hope of human reward, and often with little apparent fruit amongst the

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Mussulman natives. An early death, the fatal gift of the African climate, was known to await a great many amongst them, if not nearly all. Of two hundred and fifty-nine priests with Cardinal Lavigerie at the time referred to, only fourteen reached the age of sixty years. There are now 300 priests where the present Archbishop, Mgr. Oury, says 3,000 are needed. The mission is peculiarly difficult owing to the distance between the settlements. Hence many of the scattered faithful neglect the practice of their religion, because they so rarely see a priest, and sometimes they die before the sacraments can be administered. The country teems with a Mussulman population very difficult to convert, in fact very difficult to approach on the question of Christianity. It is to a great extent by the care of the sick and diseased that an opening is made to plant the seeds of the gospel. The confidence of the people having been gained, the missionaries were allowed to enter freely amongst the native tribes. Schools were opened, those for girls being taught by the "White Sisters." At first the parents insisted that nothing should be said to the children about the Christian religion, but by degrees, it won favor, and in time, whole families were baptized. Still great reserve and prudence are necessary, and the greatest caution in referring to Mahomet and his doctrines.

The devotedness of the missionaries is in many cases absolutely heroic. The trappist monks, for instance, at the beginning of the French colonization, endured untold miseries before assuring their establishment. When disease thinned their ranks, they returned to France for new recruits, and at last had the consolation of seeing their deserts bloom as the fields of their native country.

Amongst the Bechuanas.—The geographical divisions of South Africa have been long since sadly familiar. Bechuanaland is west of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. One of the Zambesi missionaries, travelling through it in 1893, tells of his reaching, after nightfall, in a remote and lonely, but lovely spot, the settlement of an Irish Catholic, who had left his native country nearly fifty years before, and after many wanderings had married a Boer wife. He had a large family of healthy children, not one of whom could speak a word of English. "He had not seen a priest for many a long year; but in spite of this he had clung to his faith as only a son of Erin can do, and all his children had been baptized Catholics. As he had never made his first Communion, he and his older children were prepared for it

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during the night, and next morning received it together. I have never witnessed a more touching sight," writes the missionary.

Although the conversion of the Bechuanas is slow, owing chiefly to want of priests, they make very faithful Christians. "Morning after morning," writes a priest after a year's residence amongst them, "as regular as clock work, practically the whole of the congregation (at Vleeschfontein) used to come to Mass; and every evening they would all assemble in the little chapel for the public recitation of the Rosary. More than this, I have seen many and many a time, men, women and children, come quietly from their homes to spend a long time in silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. These people really loved the chapel, and no service could be too long for them."

CHINA.

Bishop Hofman, of the Order of St. Francis, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Shan-Si, fears that, at least in parts of China, the future is far from promising. The guilty Mandarins and "Boxers," easily escaping punishment, will as easily revolt anew. The bishop says that in his vicariate many apostatized through fear when they were separated from their leaders, the missionaries. Nearly all, however, have returned to the faith. Many who died for the faith had been considered indifferent Christians. But at the moment of danger they were steadfast. The persecution has had a remarkable consequence in the reconciliation of many Christians who were at variance with one another. The common danger united them. The number of converts has been greater since the late disasters, so that more missionaries are imperatively called for. The pagans, instead of destroying their unloved offspring, prefer to give them up to the Christian asylums. Very many Christian infants have shared the fate of the Holy Innocents, cut off like unfolding roses. In July, 1901, the mission of Southern Shan-Si had sixteen Franciscan priests and three secular. There were seventeen students in the seminaries, seventy-two catechists, and seventy-eight school teachers.

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FOR THE MOST NEEDY MISSION.

R. B., Battle Creek, Mich. $10 00

FOR THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

A Friend. $25 00

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